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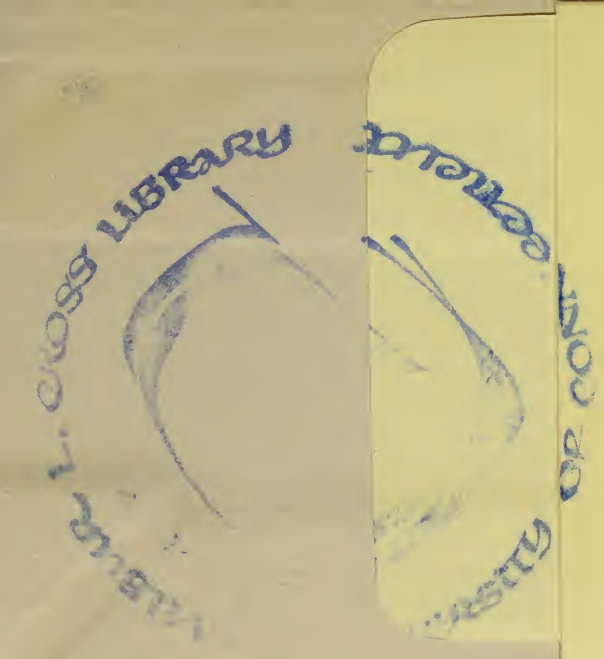

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THE

MAN OF FASHION;

&c.

THE

MAN OF FASHION;

A Tale

OF

MODERN TIMES.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

BY THE LATE

MISS GUNNING.

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THE

MAN OF FASHION.

I ACCOMPANIED the gentleman, who was perfectly silent, and left my mind, therefore, to all the workings of its now strange and terrible circumstances: we entered the chamber of the *dying man*, for such he was: extended on his bed, his betrayed wife senseless near him, he seemed to contend yet with death, till I could arrive to hear his last words.

"Draw nearer, my lord," said this unfortunate man, with an almost extinguished voice; "draw nearer, for my strength fails me."

I obeyed as well as my tottering limbs would enable me.

"Lord Delaval," he said, with emotion, though not sternly, "this sensibility which now seems to overwhelm you, should have been consulted, when I considered you as my best friend, and confided all my peace to your hands! But, my lord, no more of that. I have sent for you to witness my last hour."

I uttered an involuntary exclamation —"God in mercy forbid!"

Osmond in a weak voice continued: "I have sent for you to witness my

last moments, and to receive, in the presence of others, my pardon.—Yes, my lord, I forgive you, while I pray that you may deserve (for then you will receive) the pardon of Almighty God! May this scene lead to that happy event!---My wife—" At this instant his voice failed him : Augusta, who had lain without sense or motion, opening her eyes, and fixing them on me with a stare of agonized phrenzy, uttered a shriek, and fell into her former state of insensibility.

" Lord Delaval," said the dying man, " before all present, I exculpate you from all blame on account of my death: I sought you, and you avoided giving me the satisfaction I demanded, as long as your honour would admit: let these, my dying words, be remembered by the witnesses of this scene:" then instanta-

neously changing his manner, he proceeded — "Ah, Delaval, was it *you* that could bring such wretchedness upon one poor family! But no more. Farewell---farewell---farewell---for ever."

In a moment after, he said, in a very low voice---"Withdraw, my lord!"

I quitted the house, and returned home. I cannot attempt to describe what I felt when alone: certainly I was at that instant an object of still greater pity than Osmond, even than Osmond himself.

Sir Frederic Fairfax shortly after entered my study: his presence was necessary perhaps to my very existence. I uttered a thousand incoherent sentences, dictated by remorse: he patiently waited till nature had thus a little re-

lieved itself. At length I became more composed.

"My friend," I cried, "now, indeed, I know the consolation there is even in the presence of an honest man, when the heart is almost borne down with the weight of its own crimes.

"Oh, had I followed your advice! What a scene have I just left! Osmond breathing his last, dying prematurely by my hand:---and even that not the worst, for his death is a relief from unhappiness of my creating, in comparison of which the grave is felicity! Oh, Fairfax! Why should I not seek the same harbour of rest for myself?"

Often had this real friend displayed a temper and judgment that won my

esteem and love, although they were little serviceable to my perverted nature: in the awful moment when my soul stood on the brink of despair, ready to leap into the abyss of a fearful eternity, this worthy and inestimable friend, employing all the true and delicate sensibility of his mind, gently withdrew me from the danger of my horrible position: he soothed my tumultuous thoughts, calmed the storm of my terrors, convincing me that it is more noble the character of a man to live, and repent, and expiate a great crime, than die to shun remorse.

He now led me to the fountain of consolation, to that religion whose privilege it is to expel despair: I seemed at the moment as if I were suddenly awakening from a dream full of wild-

ness and incoherency: *light* and *peace* entered at the same moment, and diffused themselves over my mind.

Of what strange materials is the human mind composed!---And how often is the wretchedness of human life occasioned by the want of a little knowledge of our tempers and properties! How capable are we of the sublimest virtue, even when we are in the act of the basest crimes:---and how often, for want of a steady and governing principle, are we precipitated, as if unaccountably, and against the *laws* of *nature*, from the heaven of benevolent deeds to the hell of guilt!

Osmond had died shortly after I quitted his house, but not before his wretched wife had so far recovered her recollection, as to receive his last sigh,

and with it his forgiveness and last blessing. How could she survive such a scene? She fell into a deep melancholy, and lingered but a few weeks, with her expiring breath commending her helpless infants to the paternal care of a new relation. Her last words were—"May they, poor innocents, never learn the cause of the death of their wretched parents;" while clasping her cold hands, in the last agony of expiring nature, she exclaimed, "Oh, my God! Dost thou demand of me to pardon the guilty author of all this desolation!"

How pregnant with horror was this exclamation and death, to the author of the one, and the subject of the other! Was it not too plain, that the heart-broken Augusta had died, without bestowing her forgiveness on me? On

receiving this intelligence, my blood seemed to suffer a revulsion in my veins; but unfortunately, too soon, from the magic touch of dissipation, the tide returned to its usual course, and swelled even into a more irresistible torrent.

I resigned myself to the laws I had outraged; but the declaration of my generous, injured victim, and the powerful influence of rank, prevented me from suffering that punishment I most certainly merited, as much as any unfortunate wretch, whose life pays the forfeit of his transgressions.

Sir Frederic Fairfax had the kindness to see me often; and after my many falls and relapses into error, he began to congratulate himself and me on my increasing rectitude and firmness: his

conversations, far different from those of the world, were now my only comfort. Ah, how soothing, how powerful were they!---I say how powerful, for if I again fell, and my reader will too soon see how feeble I still was, yet those lessons were not finally lost upon me; and that I now make some reparation for my noxious life, results from their influence. *Sensibility* and truth are two masters, that never entirely fail, even when they are employed to cultivate the barren soil of a heart hardened with vice.

But if a virtuous friend is a blessing, above all prosperity, how great a curse is the conversation of the frivolous world! I am aware how often I repeat some reflections in this short, but too fatal story. Again let me ask my readers to pardon that, for the sake of which

I endure the pain of developing my unhappy tale: they will find me continually falling and rising by the *same alternate means*:---that the world, against which I would warn its heedless and gay admirer, again drew me from the path of a rational repentance, to the banquet of its empoisoned sweets, where all my senses were once more lost in the delirium of enjoyment.

Months passed over my head like a wild and transitory frenzy, that leaves no distinct images on the mind: uniform, indeed, were my hours; the story of one day is the story of the preceding; and all of them, as to their character, my readers are acquainted with, till I come to the developement of a new passion, which I shall do in speaking of those maturer years that lie between *manhood* and old *age*.

The earl, my father, had gone on an important mission from government to Spain: my mother's health would not admit of her accompanying him, and she remained in London, still in pursuit of happiness in the pleasures of the world; which, however, could not extirpate a certain generosity of feeling, that made her revolt at such scenes as those of my intercourse with the family of the martyred Osmond: she frequently took occasion to speak to me of them with horror, and the most suitable remonstrances; but advice from my father or mother never had its due influence with me:—so injurious to children is the evil example of parents.

My passion for play redoubled, with the necessity of finding means to banish remorse from my bosom: rapidly I experienced a reverse of fortune; in two

evenings I lost fifty thousand pounds, and was compelled to have recourse to all the Jews and money-lenders about town, for a supply to enable me to pay my debts of honour, after being compelled to pledge to these blood-suckers, who prey on the very vitals of mankind, property belonging to my wife, who did not spare the most harsh reproaches for my conduct.

" Dear Delaval," said the kind friend, whose advice would have made me respectable, had I had wisdom sufficient to have followed it; but it was among the effects of my long cherished *insanity*, to *believe* in *friends*, whom I actually believed to be attached by similarity of pursuits, but who in reality made me the dupe to their necessities: " have you now received lessons enough ?

" Experience with you has out-run the course of years. Will you never know what your companions are? Never know what you are yourself?" But this gentle remonstrance was followed by all the truest offices of friendship.

What shall I say ? His counsels were the manifest dictates of an honest heart, and as solid from wisdom, as they were noble from a generous temper. I felt their force too while he spoke ; but I seemed destined to forget what did not still sound in my ears, what was still before my eyes ; and I continued to run the round of all the follies that bewilder the faculties, and give to the winds the *happiness* of man.

The dream of my youth had passed away, to give place to other illusions : ambition presented itself before me,

attended with those gigantic and splendid images she can conjure up to lure the riper years of man; and the burning thirst of a new desire, or rather a new malady, now was the incessant torture of my soul. Till this epoch of my life, the impressions of my mind had all been fugitive: even the most desirable of these, the pure love I once felt for the martyred Augusta, had fled like the rest, banished by the opposition which the pride of high rank had induced my parents to show to a union, which had it been formed at the period my heart was open to the admiration of virtue, would in all probability have caused me to have made as respectable a figure in life, as I was now the contrary; but this moment, most propitious to the cultivation of virtue, was lost. The other fleeting images of my youth, and earlier manhood, were de-

rived from the feminine passion for splendour, the idle converse of a giddy world, and the guilty pleasures of a libertine.

Let my reader cast his eye back upon the former pages of my life, while he contemplates me as a man suddenly seized with the frenzy of ambition, and he will scarcely mistake the career I shall run: with this new impulse, he will not expect to see me emulous of that noble fame, which is purchased by the highest services that can be rendered to man:—the cultivation of their faculties, and the increasing the sum of their happiness. My education had prepared me for no one excellent use of my passions or powers: it betrayed me into a radically false estimation of things, and into the constant pursuit of shadows, while the substance lay

before me, and within my reach. My new appetite mistook the meaner, for its nobler object: I longed to be engaged in state affairs, to sound the depth of intrigue, to raise myself in office, and to draw upon myself that *false consideration*, so widely different from real esteem, which the greater part of men seek with such jealousy, although it serves only to place them on an eminence, and cast a glaring light on *their defects*, *their littlenesses*, *their* entire *nullity*. It never passed through my mind, that there is in ambition that purifies the breast it inhabits, and sheds a gracious and beneficent shower of good deeds upon the race of man. My commerce with the dissipated part of the world had now so darkened my understanding, that it was not with my ambition, as with my love, when I

hesitated, and even for an instant merely chose between the true and the false. I mistook in the out-set of this:—Self alone occupied me; *self seeking* the *poorest means of indulgence:* Is this mistake inseparable from our nature? And are we, by destiny, the puppets of an error the most prejudicial to self—let me repeat this—to *self* the *most baneful?* At this period of my life, the vain shadows of youth have passed away from before me; the sacred form of truth is in their place: the wise are not many: but such there have been in all ages, who, despising the meaner indulgencies of life, have so purified their tempers, that their desires were only for such things as are estimable in themselves, essentially conducive to happiness, and which the most malignant powers of the world can neither wholly

snatch away from the pursuit of them, nor in any manner aid the pursuit.

In the midst of my new occupations, it is not to be supposed I could pay much attention to the moral improvement of my children. My boy was near fifteen, my daughter one year older; she promised even in infancy to make one of the most beautiful of women. This was sufficient to gratify my vanity, without giving a thought to their moral improvement, or the cultivation of their minds. Darnley I placed at Eton, and Lady Jemima received her instructions from the best and most fashionable masters money could procure, while a French governess superintended her improvement, in the various accomplishments usually taught young women of high rank: in short, their education was the perfect resemblance of my own. When

I saw them, which was not too frequently, I embraced them with the love natural to a parent, and committed them in the interval to the care of hirelings and tutors, such as my own had been.

They now approached that age, when children begin to use their reason more decidedly, when intelligence is more the guide of their actions; and when they exercise and extend their thoughts to higher objects. This important period attracted no attention of mine, except to give them a greater number of instructors, some of whom were, perhaps, of all classes in the species of man, the least instructed in the nobler duties of man, and the least capable of engaging the hearts of youth, and insinuating there those feelings which distinguish the good and great from the vile herd of society.

My wife was the exact copy of myself, in her conduct towards her children, only that she did see them oftener, and lavished upon them still more profusely the mischievous indulgencies that were calculated to poison their characters in its germ.

In the pursuits of ambition, which gradually usurped all my faculties, intrigue was the lever to which I trusted for all my success; and I was content to creep in the dust, whenever I found I could not make my way in a more erect posture, convinced that by a patient suppleness most men in power arrive at the time and point of greatness they propose to themselves, and that it is very rarely that he who is endowed with the quality misses the envied goal.

With this disposition I soon became

willing to sacrifice all interest of others, all friendships, all probity, and even *honour*, (notwithstanding a little transitory repugnance) to the gaining one step in the road of preferment. Lord Arlington was a young Scotch nobleman of the first family and connections, possessed of splendid talents, but like many of his country boasting of less wealth than noble blood: he had married an amiable young woman, and was the father of five lovely infants; he was numbered amongst those I called my dearest friends. One morning he called on me, and entreated a few moments private conversation with me, when taking him to my dressing-room, I said with that air and voice of frankness, which the world has substituted for real ingenuousness and friendship, "My dear Arlington, in what can I serve you? We are alone: speak to me with the confidence that becomes friends

such as we are. What agitates you so greatly?"

"My dear friend, it is a matter that perhaps concerns the happiness of my life, and that with your aid may make the fortunes of myself and children. You are not ignorant, that my fortune is by no means adequate to my situation in society, and the large family I am likely to have. The government of Madras will shortly become vacant: this lucrative and high situation is at the absolute disposal of the minister, with whom I know your interest, and that of the Earl of Clarendon, to be without bounds.—I have friends, but it is your support that must confer this benefit on my family: my friends will make powerful solicitations, but you must crown the work with the irresistible force of your request.—Serve me,

my lord, if possible; but I need not say how much secrecy is necessary."

I interrupted him, not without an emotion, which I had some difficulty to restrain, practised as I was in dissimulation. "Are you sure, my dear Arlington, that the government will be vacant as you say?"

"I am perfectly sure; I had the intelligence from the most undoubted authority: the resignation will be given in in a few days by Lord——, for reasons that regard his private affairs: and my dear Delaval, allow me to add, that you will render me an infinite obligation, in losing no time in your application to the minister: a timely application, I am aware from you, is all that is wanting; but without your interest, I repeat, that I have no hope."

I assured Lord Arlington that I would exert all my interest, and that of all my friends, to procure him the government.

"From this moment," I said, "I will occupy myself wholly on this, till I succeed, which I shall do, if all the zeal and warmth of friendship can avail."

He repeated his sense of the kind interest I took in his behalf, and withdrew, after I had assured him I would that very day apply in his favour.

Arlington had no sooner left me, than I found his absence a relief necessary almost to my existence: my mind, distracted by its workings, had little room for the exertion of friendship: — I felt I needed the government myself, as the extravagance of my follies, notwith-

standing the allowance made me by the earl was a liberal one, had rendered some pecuniary assistance particularly desirable, having borrowed of Jews, and money-lenders, at different periods, sums, which when I gave them a momentary consideration, made me sensibly feel that the large fortune I must one day possess from my father, as well as that to which my wife would be entitled, could scarcely ever enable me to discharge being only a tenant for life; the reversion of both being settled on the issue of our ill-fated union. I had lately applied for a further supply to the usurer, who had already received for premiums and what he called commissions, upwards of ten thousand pounds in the course of two years, for raising for me annuities, which, only to pay the interest off, amounted to a principality, and must in the end have

ruined a prince of the blood, who had been unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of these blood-hounds. I found on my present application for money, that I was likely to be put off, having already had in advance, the amount of which, in my giddy way of transacting business, I really did not myself remember, totally ignorant as I was of the full extent of the involvements I had entered into, and the number of the cursed bonds and notes which bore my hand and seal: and in polite terms I was told no more money could be raised, till some of these be paid.

To my father I had before applied in vain, the love of money being the chief passion of his soul; and having already paid debts of honour for me to

the amount of sixty thousand pounds, I was well aware any further application would be ineffectual.

To my father-in-law I did not choose to mention my embarrassments, well knowing that the terms on which myself and his daughter lived, would not warrant any demands of *mine* on the bank of Lord Dormer, as her own extravagance was a constant and sufficient drain on the purse of the old contractor: and often had I occasion to curse the connection I had made; from which, after having spent the sum I received, as a bribe for the honour of my name, I had personally received so little advantage. So true it is, the venerable oak is slow of growth; but mushrooms are of quicker vegetation: they should be plucked from the bed of honour, and

returned to their native soil, the dung-hill.

This government, I thought, would at least release me from the clamorous demands of my creditors, and from the fangs of the money-lenders: in short, it would be a respite almost necessary to my existence.—A confusion of ideas had usurped my brain: the most urgent, however, was the thought of asking the government for myself.

Lord Arlington would, indeed, be fortunate to obtain this advancement; but how does he expect it through my interest? Does he not know that I have pretensions myself to the highest employments;—and does he suppose interest and ambition will yield to friendship? and what crime do I commit to him? He calls me his friend: it

is the courtesy of the world, that permits him to call me so. My house and table are open to him, for he is a man of consideration and high connections; but my convenience is not to be thrown at the feet of ceremony, though my table is placed at its disposition: he has, indeed, a wife, and a large family of children, with a very inadequate estate: he throws himself on me, and relies even on the very magnitude of the benefit, for the hope of my exerting my influence for him,—that demands something from me.

The latter thoughts, I saw, would lead me from what I had in fact determined on (notwithstanding this apparent discussion with myself), if I pursued them; and I abruptly concluded, by reproaching Arlington with folly, for committing the secret to me, and presumption of

expecting any influence to be exerted to aggrandize a stranger to my concerns.

In the midst of my reflections, the evil genius of my life, Belford, entered my room: he found me in the agitation of mind I have just described, and by his artful importunities obtained the knowledge of the secret cause. After relating all that passed between Lord Arlington and myself, I added——"To say the truth, you have surprised me in a very singular crisis: my connection with ministers can command this post, and my design is—

"To ask it for that blockhead, Arlington, who is so ridiculous as to aspire to this important station," said Belford, interrupting me with a look that conveyed the most humiliating contempt,

for the person who could so neglect the means of his own advancement.

I confessed I answered with great confusion, for I had ingenuousness enough to feel a sense of the wrong I meditated, however I was resolved, or sought to excuse myself. "I confess, if he did not regard me as his friend, if he had not committed his plans as a secret to me, I might be tempted to ask the government for myself."

"Yourself," again interrupting me, "For whom should you ask it?—"

"And you really think that my scruples are unfounded?"

"Ha! Ha! Ha! My lord:—to the minister; ask the appointment; take

me for your secretary; and then," taking my hand, "I wish your lordship joy! I know how you stand with the court party; the place is yours."

My present embarrassments struck forcibly on my mind, and my face flushed with the sensations his prophecy excited: Still I affected to hesitate.

"And if you were in my situation, you would, my dear Belford, solicit this appointment for yourself?"

"By my *honour* would I, my dear lord. Who would not seize upon fortune, if she happened so opportunely to pass so near them? Tell me, and speak frankly, What is there on earth so dear to us as ourselves?

"But shall I abuse the confidence of a friend?"

"Believe me, my dear Delaval, the new governor of India will soon forget the little mistakes he may commit in securing his advancement to his dignity! Self-love, notwithstanding the sublime discourse of philosophers, is the sentiment of nature: obey that, and you will never deceive yourself. I unveil the human heart to you: our own personal interest is, in this lower world, the first object of the care of a reasonable man. Be assured, this Scotch lordling, in your place, would have acted, as I hope, for the sake of yourself and your family, you will do."

"I am convinced by what you say; but I know not why---I feel something

in my breast, which does not accord with your advice. Shall I own I cannot subdue this sentiment? It is a species of involuntary remorse, which I cannot expel from my bosom."

"Remorse!---Really, my lord, you astonish me.---What, in the name of God, is there in this affair for remorse? To procure what is necessary to our enjoyment of life, is a duty to ourselves: this is a logic acknowledged by all men—Why should you refine beyond it? Come, come, my dear lord, this is affectation."

I repeat this disgusting conversation, because it is not my design to veil any part of that depravity which forms the common character of society. He who is young, and as yet comparatively innocent, regards the world with a lenity

fatal to his honour and his happiness: of the maxims practised in gay or busy life, he has no intimation till the discovery comes too late, to pierce his heart with that acuteness of grief, which is at once the proof of ingenuousness, and the safeguard against the tide of corruption. Belford, contemptible as his feelings were, did but speak grossly what almost every man of our acquaintance would have thought with him, and what I had actually adopted as the rule of my conduct respecting the vacant appointment.

But though I had resolved to betray the trust reposed in me, I was no sooner alone, than my confidence forsook me. Shall I state what passed in my mind? It is only to repeat the history of the conflict I had sustained previous to the visit of Belford: and my ambition

acted the same parts as before, except that the victory of the latter was still more decisive. From that moment self-love took the entire governance of all my actions. I began by endeavouring to secure the government with as much precaution, and as great anxiety and fear, as if my influence had been less stable or extensive. I obtained my wishes, and was promised the appointment, the moment it became vacant. —The news soon spread abroad, and Lord Arlington presented himself before me.

"Is it possible, my lord, that report can have spoken the truth?" he said, with fluctuating feelings, for I could see he half believed the report.—"Oh, it is impossible!" he added, with a look of such *contempt!* For my silence and

complexion, which rapidly changed from one extreme to the other, had resolved all his doubts.

How difficult, how impossible to suppress the cries of conscience, when nature is taken off its guard, and unprotected by the immediate example and presence of vicious companions. I was a man deserted and left alone to support the assault of a host, and suddenly bereaved of his courage. My confusion increased every moment: to escape from it, I said, in a stammering voice, "It is true—you have been rightly informed—the interest I have at court—has—the minister, I mean to say, in despite of all I could urge in your behalf, my dear Arlington, has compelled me, for that is the real fact, to accept of this office."

Lord Arlington turned away abruptly, without deigning to make any reply; and in the course of the day I received the following letter:

"My Lord,

"After the duplicity and falsehood which has marked your conduct to me, there remains but one satisfaction for me to demand, or for you to give.—I expect you to meet me to-morrow morning, at six o'clock, by the powder magazine in Hyde Park.

"I remain your lordship's, &c. &c."

This letter pierced my heart through all the folds of its ambition: the train of thoughts that rushed in through one gentle feeling, oppressed my vile and domineering passion, and nearly restored

me once more to myself. My falsehood displayed itself in its full magnitude: how sullied did my character appear in my own eyes! I detested my new acquisition, resolved to throw it up, and demand the pardon of my injured friend; to the then state of my mind, this had nothing humiliating: it appeared to spring, indeed, from the only magnanimity my degraded condition would admit of. But these better thoughts soon vanished before the image of the world, its idea of honour, and the dictates of ambition and avarice. "What would the world say, if they knew that Lord Delaval had condescended to ask the pardon of any man, especially one whom I have actually injured, and who has formally called upon me for satisfaction? My *honour* requires that I meet him—My heart must be silent."

Lord Arlington and I met at the appointed time and place, with our seconds: we took our pistols: he stood my fire, and at the very instant when my antagonist had to fire, he suddenly flung his weapon on the ground, exclaimed, "No! never.—I cannot forget that I once considered you my friend." The seconds approached, and besought us to be reconciled. Why did this generous man, as if ashamed of the noble relentings of his heart, suddenly repel me, who at that moment longed to repair my injuries? The false world stepped in here also, and robbed me of his forgiveness, smothered my repentance.

"I pardon him," cried Arlington, with a burst of uncontrolled passion: "but let him be happy if he can! For me, I wish never more to behold him."

He quitted the place instantly, accompanied by his friend, and I remained for awhile motionless, and occupied with sensations of remorse, and of wounded pride, scarcely either of which could be said to have the ascendancy.

A person who took upon him to be umpire in this delicate matter, observed, that he did not think my honour was satisfied by this meeting; and that I, in my turn, ought to call out my adversary: he was, however, over-ruled by the gentlemen who had been present, who gave it as their opinion, that the affair had proceeded sufficiently far, and that the laws of honour had been obeyed to their utmost limits. How long will man continue to be thus abused with words!

I returned home with a heavy heart. To go to the minister, to resign the promise I had received, and to ask it to be extended to Lord Arlington, were resolutions that afforded me some consolation, and I actually prepared to put them into effect. At that moment Lady Delaval entered my library: the affair of the duel had not transpired; my evident agitation was, therefore, a mystery; and I laid before her ladyship the whole of the circumstances, from the time Arlington applied to me for my interest in his behalf, concluding with my recent resolution to resign my appointment, if possible, to him.

Her ladyship, who had been delighted with the idea of the splendour by which she would be surrounded, did she accompany me, as was her intention, to India, was now most bitter in her

sarcasms, regarding my present conduct as an extravagance of the most singular kind: then, assuming a more serious and haughty air, she added--"If your lordship must indulge yourself in follies of this kind, which indeed proceed from the most unpardonable pusillanimity, I must consider you, my lord, as having formally abandoned the interests of your children, and the dignity and honour of your family."

I use her own words, and at this moment, when the unworthy pursuits of ambition are before my eyes in their genuine colour, am ashamed to confess, that such reasoning had the power to turn me from my just purpose.

However, a change of ministry taking place before the situation became vacant, I lost that which I would have obtained

by deception, and betraying the interest of my friend ; and the worthy man I had endeavoured to injure, was shortly enabled to settle the derangement of his pecuniary affairs, by the death of a distant relation, who left him a large property in the funds.

Shortly after this event, a large party was invited by the Earl and Countess of Clarendon, to pass the Christmas at Clarendon Castle ; and as I well knew many of the guests were of a description to be agreeable to me, and to contribute to my amusement in different ways, I agreed to myself and family adding to the number of the gay throng. A celebrated singer at the Opera had lately made her appearance in some families of fashion, whose decided taste for music induced them to level all distinctions of society, by making singers and

actresses a part of their select visitors; not considering the danger they run in introducing such females to their husbands, sons, and brothers, who are but too often the victims to the artful female, whose fascinating spells are cast round to draw every man of rank and fortune within their net, and at whose shrine the purest domestic happiness is often the sacrifice of temptation few men are able to resist. This happened to be the case with my mother, who, charmed with the sweet notes of the Signora Seraphina, as she termed herself, though in reality a native of England, educated in Italy, she invited her to pass a month at the Castle, and in her presence I soon discovered that the affair of my ambition had not extinguished my taste for licentious pleasures. This woman had, however, the art to inspire me with a passion, that age and a little reflection

might have shown me in its truly ridiculous light, if with years I had acquired the art of restraining the first impulse of my passions.

In Seraphina were united all the attractions of a courtezan, with one of the sweetest, and most finely formed persons. She possessed those inexpressible graces, that in a woman have their source in a knowledge of the world. Guided by a spirit of coquetry, she always appeared to be seen and heard for the first time. No fascination is so complete to the heart of man, as this web of novelty: for my part, I was soon entangled in its snares.

Seraphina employed all the secret of her magic art against me. She was not slow to discover that I was taken: and

so sure was she of her prey, that never did any favour from woman cost me so much loss of time, money, intrigue, and management, as the slightest condescension from her.

The unhappy partiality, as she termed, of a *personage* of the *highest rank*, stood in the way of all her wishes. Seraphina, at the time I am now speaking of, after a lingering and tedious suit on my part, had come to a species of explanation, and fixing her seducing eyes upon me, she added, " those wishes, she confessed, all tended to give herself, with her heart, which was already in the possession of another."

Tears followed this declaration, and I never doubted they were the tears of a sincere passion, for I comprehended the

drift of her discourse, and secretly congratulated myself as the favoured lover of Seraphina.

A long, and to me interesting, conversation ensued; and after many passionate attempts on my part to learn the name of the happy object of her preference, the artful Seraphina suffering a profound sigh to escape her, and casting upon me one of those dangerous glances which shoot poison through the feelings of a depraved lover—"Ah, my lord!" she said, in accents that seemed to proceed immediately from the heart, "Can you not divine who is the master of my destiny?"

And to all this were added arms men seldom resist—tears that flow as if they could not be repressed.

My senses were intoxicated: she paused a moment, and then added, "if you, my lord, were capable of love, how easily would you comprehend me."

I threw myself at the feet of the Siren, for such she might be emphatically called, covered her beauteous hand with kisses, and vowed that never woman had inspired me with so violent a passion.

Seraphina was not slow to answer me, that it was she who loved the most passionately—that I was the first who had made an impression on her heart, and that till now she had not known what love was.

"Ah, my dear lord!" she said, as if no longer mistress of herself, "to you I

owe a new kind of existence! You have taught me that I have a heart! Why, ah, why has fortune so basely treated me?" Again she wept—"Why am I compelled to sacrifice at the hateful shrine of interest? Ah, why cannot I obey my better feelings?"

Eagerly I interrupted her. "You may," and suffer me to say, you must, give yourself entire to the partiality that shall form the supreme bless of my life! To me it shall belong to repair the wrongs of fortune, who is, indeed, justly painted with a bandage over her eyes: all that I possess is at your disposal from this instant. Ah, what price can purchase my felicity?"

In a word, I purchased, and at a price sufficiently dear, that felicity of which

I boasted so much: the sums I lavished on this contemptible girl were so great, that at last Lady Delaval remonstrated with me on the danger of my conduct, as did also one or two who pretended to have an interest in my welfare. My ear was deaf to all their representations: Seraphina to me was all the world, and I credulously believed that I was as dear to her.

Sir Frederic Fairfax, who still preserved the same integrity, and was as sincerely my friend as ever, called on me one day; he disengaged me from the giddy group by whom I was constantly surrounded, and desired a few moments private conversation with me.

When we were alone, he said, "Is it possible, my dear Delaval, that neither experience nor years have saved you

from a folly, for which a boy ought to be corrected ?''

" What folly, my friend ? Do not speak enigmatically."

" Need I be more explicit? You do not understand me then ? Fie, fie ! My lord, there is too much affectation in this."

Still, however, I affected to be ignorant of his meaning, or rather I was really so ; for such was my opinion of Seraphina, and the tenderness she felt for me, that, though I suspected, I did not certainly know he spoke of that subject.

" After all the errors you have committed in pursuit of women, to fall into the snares of an artful Opera girl !"

I stoutly defended the character of my favourite, and declared I believed she loved me with a tender and disinterested passion. Fairfax exposed the indecorousness of that opinion, and then said, "You forget, my lord, that you are a husband and father, and that at least you owe to your family, not to ruin your fortune, if you even think it little to set such an example as you do to your children, who are now at a period of life, when bad example is most dangerous. You seem too, my lord, to be ignorant, that your blind faith and disinterested love of this woman, are the ridicule of every circle in London; even of those very men that flatter your vanity in compliments on your pretended conquest."

I interrupted him not without some anger.

"Yes," said I, "I confess Seraphina is the object of my sincere love; and permit me to say, I have no reason to suspect that I am any thing more than justly grateful in the trifling acknowledgments of regard she receives from me: it is well known that she has sacrificed a most brilliant establishment and a princely protection for my sake."

Sir Frederic smiled, and my face was suffused with a blush of anger.

"Proceed! my lord," he said coolly; and I saw my weakness in betraying so much resentment at what was meant in the most friendly manner: taking, therefore, another tone, I said, "My dear friend, if I have a wife and children, am I for that reason to shut from my heart all that constitutes its happiness? You know I never loved my wife;

that she was chosen by my parents, who forgot the vulgarity of her origin, on account of the immense wealth to which she is heiress; and that my necessities at the moment compelled me to resign the woman my soul adored. Why, then, should not Seraphina fill the vacancy in my heart, which Lady Delaval thinks a prize beneath her to take the trouble of securing? Surely, my friend, you have never felt what it is to be beloved: if you had, you would have known what a treasure such a mistress as my Seraphina is: time does but augment the delight I find in her ever charming society."

"Ah," said Sir Frederic, as a deep sigh escaped from his heart, which seemed labouring with some internal affliction, "can you suppose, my lord, this breast, so capable of friendship, is steeled

against the soft pleadings of love. Be assured, you do me injustice. Every tender feeling of my soul has long been deposited in the keeping of another; but the particulars which attend that attachment, I will one day reveal; and when you are acquainted with my little narrative, you will be able to distinguish the difference of a virtuous passion, and that which is governed only by sensuality. But can you, my dear Delaval, be so blinded by this woman, as really to imagine you are the sole favourite of your enchantress? It is true, that for my own part, I have no certain proof of the contrary; but I am at all times apt to suspect the fidelity, and above all, the disinterestedness of a woman in her situation of life: and I will say, with all the warmth of real friendship, I hope you will be soon weaned from this degrading connection,

by receiving a lesson from your mistress, of the honour of such characters. But remember, my lord, that you are a father; and that an honest father, not to speak of an affectionate and generous one, will take care not to squander his children's inheritance."

So saying, he left me, and I hastened to Seraphina, and forgot in the fascination of her society, the sermons of one whom I called my cynical friend.

My daughter had now attained an age, that made it necessary for me to think of her establishment in life; and the more so, as there were already two pretenders to her hand: one was of a form, a countenance, not very pleasing, and was almost fifty; but Lord Hervey possessed the advantages of high birth, and the still more solid advantages of

immense wealth. Mortimer, though not a nobleman, was a gentleman of the highest rank, with a moderate, yet competent fortune. He had attained his five and twentieth year: his exterior was noble, his manners amiable, and his character revered by all who knew him. Jemima appeared captivated, as was very natural, with the younger of her lovers.

Having perceived his increasing influence over the heart of my child, and fearing that all my objects in wishing to see her married, would be sacrificed, if I did not check a rising passion, by a timely interference, I took an opportunity to address her in the following manner:

"You know, Jemima, that it is my

wish to see you early settled in life, in a manner suitable to your rank, and the dignity of your family. Many are the persons of the highest situations, that would be happy to receive your hand. I have made my choice among these candidates, with the experience of a father: Lord Hervey is the man whom I have selected for my son-in-law."

Jemima, with an earnestness I had not supposed her capable of showing on any occasion, uttered a shriek of terror; and throwing herself at my feet, she said, "My dear papa, condescend to listen to me: let me, I conjure you, let me open my heart to you, I can never be happy with Lord Hervey."

"You have not surely presumed to

dispose of your heart, without the consent of your parents?"

"My lord—I—the amiable manners of Mr. Mortimer—"

I harshly interrupted her.

"And is it thus, Jemima, that you have learned your duty to your father?"

"My lord, I shall never fail in my duty, I hope. I have buried the secret in my breast, resolved to wait the declaration of your will, and that of my mother: but I trust you are both reasonable, and will not condemn *your* child to live with a man she cannot love."

"And is Mortimer apprized of the sentiments you are so daring to say to me?"

"No, my lord: he is too generous to extort any confession of my sentiments, without knowing something of your lordship's pleasure; but my heart has been his since the happy month we passed together at my grandfather's, during last Christmas.—Oh, my lord," she added, "you will not condemn your poor Jemima, who will ever be obedient to you, to the misery you cannot yourself hereafter alleviate, if you force her to become the wife of a man she detests."

"Reserve your tears, Lady Jemima, for the occasion you speak of, if indeed you must be made miserable by the performance of your duties; for know they have no power to change my mind: Lord Hervey I have chosen as a husband most fit for your rank and fortune, and a son-in-law whose alliance will not

disgrace your family. I shall shortly introduce him to you, as the man to whom I have destined your hand: and beware how you receive him with any sign of repugnance to my will.—He is wealthy, my dear," I said, changing my tone, and kissing her, " and his alliance will ensure you fortune and happiness in the world. How much will you thank me when the dreams of inexperienced years are passed (and pass they will) for having too much affection for my child, to sacrifice her high pretensions in life, to a childish and romantic notion."

Jemima would have replied, but the violence of her sorrow denied all utterance to her words: my heart, so far from relenting, grew more obdurate, at seeing the excess of her emotion. I dismissed her to her own apartment,

without one touch of pity, without once condescending to utter another word to the heart-broken girl, but my command to depart.

My daughter fell sick, and was soon in imminent danger: her mother, in pure opposition, I really believe, to my wishes, took part with Jemima, and exerted herself, I must say, with more zeal and passion than I should have predicted from her character, to turn me from this match: I could not regard the feelings of two weak women, as I called them, not recollecting what they were to me, in comparison with the advantages of such a splendid and powerful alliance as that they would reject.

Suppressing the voice of parental affection, hardening my heart against nature;

which, nevertheless, will find moments for its vengeance, when the frail fences of the world are thrown down by disappointment or adversity, I marched on with unrelenting severity, to the accomplishment of my design: I led my victim six weeks after to the altar, and saw my wretched child Countess of Hervey.

So far was I from condemning my rigour, that I congratulated myself on a victory gained, as I thought, by the firmness proper to a father, and on the great establishment I had secured my daughter.

It is thus in the great world, that most marriages are formed: parents forgetting that it is their duty to consult, as much as possible, the inclinations of their children, in forming the sacred

and awful engagements, which usually constitute the happiness or misery of life, act as despots disposing of property not their own. From this arise the frequent divorces which disgrace the present times: hence it is, that the married state is the jest, and object of ridicule, of the most shallow of witlings, who cannot fail to discover its odious character, as it is constituted by thirst of gain, and love of worldly distinction. How long will men imagine, that these things are made to content all their wishes? How long will they overlook that contentment, that delight, the natural fruit of an union of hearts in the conjugal tie? How long will it be, ere they discern, that nothing compensates for the privation of the pleasures of a pure affection?

I would, actuated by bitter experi-

ence, recommend that parents would reflect on this interesting object: let them substitute the word happiness for honours or wealth; and let them consider in what happiness consists, and how infinitely it is to be preferred to its shadow, that lives only in the opinion of the world; and they will not, as I did, send their offspring to the slaughter-house of a mercenary marriage.

Thus I abused the authority of a parent, while an Opera girl swayed my will, and reduced my character to the level of a mere dotard: Seraphina's empire over my mind increased with time: her house and equipage cost me immense sums of money to support; and I was, in fact, laughed at in every circle, when I was not present, for being the mere dupe of a most worthless woman. In the list of all my expenditure,

no name was found, that might a little compensate for my unworthy profusion, —not the name of one unfortunate and deserving person! And this, too, is but the faithful resemblance of that multitude that forms the gay world! Look into your hearts, ye votaries of dissipation, and tell me how many families you have snatched from want—from worse than want—from the insolence of power?—how many, while you have poured forth the lavish streams of your wealth, to feed your depraved appetites?

My profligate and increasing expenses were supported by prodigious debts, which I now contracted, without regard to the unpleasing, or even fatal consequences that might ensue, and which I had no other means of discharging, even in *part*, till the death of the Earl of Clarendon: an event, shocking as it is to human

nature, to declare a son, under any circumstance, should look forward to, I anticipated with anxiety. I never imagined I could waste upon Seraphina sums large enough to merit her regular fidelity to me.

One morning, on going to visit this enchantress, I found her from home: accident, rather than curiosity, led my eye to a letter on the writing-table: it was addressed to her: still, however, I scarcely thought of looking at its contents. Her fidelity was that on which I would have risked my honour and my life: at length I read the letter, which was to the following effect.

Letter to Seraphina.

"You know, adorable Seraphina, how great my love is for you:—to say that,

is to own that I can deny you nothing. I send a draft on my banker for the sum you request ; and it is sufficiently great, I hope, to prove that I can place no bounds to the sacrifices I shall make, nor that I can too dearly purchase your favours. No, most perfect model of all that is lovely ! My entire fortune cannot pay for the slightest of those favours you have granted me.—Yet see my willingness to express my gratitude.

" Lull your Argus to sleep ! And tell me when again I may come with safety to your house. Be not too fearful. I am as rich as Delaval, and you shall find, that I know as well as his haughty lordship, how to give all for my Seraphina."

I had scarcely finished reading this curious letter, when Seraphina entered

the room: it was still in my hand, and open: she could not conceal her surprise and agitation; yet with astonishing presence of mind, began a conversation.

"I am extremely mortified, my friend, that accident has betrayed this secret to you, which I will not deny, although you are prepared, I see, to pour all the wrath of an offended love upon me. I must appear very culpable, I know I must, very culpable to you; but you know that my heart has nothing to do with my offence, which I am sure, you, my dearest Delaval, will pardon," offering me her hand, which I threw from me with disdain, "when you know the cause. Nay, my lord, you are too severe. I had occasion for money, and the man is rich, that is all.

"Come, I acknowledge my fault; but it is only the love of that man's gold: that is nothing, you know, when only you possess my heart! Shall such a trifle as this impair such a friendship as ours?"

My offended dignity could scarcely find words: I remained a moment incapable of speaking: and she, no doubt, meanwhile, quietly calculated on the issue of this quarrel, for she left it very coolly to me to make the next movement.

At length I said,—"When three-fourths of my income are squandered on you, madam, and your pleasures, to forsake me for money—and still to say you love me!"

I scarcely knew how to contain my passion.

"Yes," she cried, perceiving the tone for her interest she must assume, and weeping, although affecting to hide the drops that ran copiously enough down her cheeks.—"Yes, I do love you; and this fault, which I own again, is nothing to my love, and ought not to deprive me of yours. I had contracted considerable debts before I was happy enough to be under your protection; of which I could not bring myself to speak to you, already too generous to me; yet I repent, that I did not, since you are offended; but it was my love that erred!"

Her tears never fell more plentifully: she threw herself into my arms, and I was more a slave than ever.

Such is the blindness resulting from the immoderate indulgence of the senses! At this moment, when the film is removed from my eyes, I have a difficulty to believe what passed on that occasion. I was really more eager to excuse Seraphina than even she was to afford pretexts for my folly.

From that moment, the artful and faithless Seraphina drew from me larger sums than before; and my creditors were multiplied in such a degree, and became so clamorous, that London was filled with the report of my extravagances and necessities. Sir Frederic Fairfax, my constant monitor, my ever true friend, did not conceal from me the injury done to my character, by these circumstances; and I listened to him, and one or two others, that had some interest in my fortune, with the air of a man who

means to correct his faults, and indeed, often with the resolution. But soon the fascinating Seraphina returned to my imagination, and I then flew to her arms, to compensate for the pangs of a transient repentance.

I had certainly received proofs enough, for one who was not infatuated of the true character of my goddess. Seraphina was one of the meanest of her trade, with no passion higher than the love of gold; yet I was doomed to proceed with my eyes shut, till an event happened too convincing to my self-love.

Going one day to dine with a friend, at the Clarendon Hotel, we happened to sit near a party of young men, just introduced into what is termed fashionable life, who were alike strangers to my person, as I was to them. One of them

read aloud to his companions a letter after dinner, as an excuse for quitting them early, which called forth peals of laughter, at the expence of some person named therein. The following were its contents:—

"My dear Montague—I can receive you this evening in Sloane-street: My Crœsus has an engagement, which will prevent his intruding on me. Lose no time of this absence, which both of us will feel to be infinitely too short.

"Pity me, my dear friend, that I am compelled by my poverty, to sacrifice at the shrine of fortune! But, as you well know, my heart avenges you of your wrongs, and is never for an instant guilty of infidelity to you. The youth, the charms of my Montague, must be his surety that he has no rival in a person,

who is now little capable of inspiring love: but I have told you before, that I have occasion for money, and this silly lord of mine must not be cast off. As soon as is possible, I will live only for my Montague; and I long for the hour, be assured, when I can formally leave the protection of the tiresome Lord of Delaval."

I was no longer master of myself, but snatching the letter from the young man's hand, tore it into a thousand pieces. Montague could not speak for astonishment.

"You will be more surprised," I cried, "than you are now, when I inform you, that I am that Delaval, you are pleased to make the object of your ridicule."

He would have replied. I said, with ungovernable fury—"No more is to be said, Sir, and nothing remains, but that you give me satisfaction."

A gentleman present endeavoured to convince me that Montague had given me no intentional offence, in vain.—I listened only to my rage—we retired, and fought. I received a wound. I would not, however, go home, till I had seen the infamous creature who had so basely betrayed, so cruelly laughed at me. Inexplicable folly! To condescend to reproach her, was less excusable than to have been her dupe.

Seraphina shrieked, at seeing my clothes stained as they were with blood.

"You are wounded, my dearest

Delaval," she said, feigning sorrow, which appeared as natural as her surprise."

" Yes, most abandoned of women; behold your own work."

I loaded her with the bitterest reproaches; in the midst of which, by words incoherent indeed, but sufficient for the purpose, she learned the whole story.

I degraded myself, by an attempt to reason with this contemptible object.

" This is the return," I cried, " for all my waste of wealth! I do not speak of my affection for you: it was an infatuation for which I blush: it is past; and I am but too justly punished for my absurdity.—But how, most ungrateful of women, canst thou excuse thyself? I par-

doned thy former offence, and ought to have purchased thy gratitude! Thy rapacity, thy thirst for wealth, I forgive; but thy ingratitude—Speak, most infamous of thy sex!—Why dost thou not speak?"

The abandoned Seraphina had been too frequent an actor in such scenes as this, to be disconcerted by my passionate exclamations. She looked at me with such an expression of contempt, as I can never forget. A sarcastic, and half-triumphant smile, showed me, that her avarice was soothed, in losing me, by the pleasure of trampling her victim under her feet.

"It is you, my lord," she said, "that are ungrateful! Did you suppose that fortune was sufficient to make you an object of passion? Montague, my lord: is young enough to be your son, and has

a person to captivate a woman's heart! You mistake the matter completely: it is he who has reason to complain, since you have shared my smiles with him. Why, my good lord, you could never surely imagine you alone possessed my heart—you must have known better! But if you are deceived," she said, changing her voice to something still more insulting, "you ought the more highly to prize my management, that could bless you with so delightful a dream? Come, come, let not this second trifle interrupt our happiness! Why should we quarrel? Let us be friends! It is a pity the world has been let into the secret of our true situation; but we must laugh at the world! Nay, my lord, you are unreasonable. Where will you find a faithful mistress? And the *shadow*, my lord, you acknowledged you possessed! Come, come, that is

the *reality*, in fact. Why will you demand more than the nature of things will afford you?"

I was not more astonished than offended, at hearing this language. Oh, how I hated myself, for ever having been the dupe of so depraved a woman.

"Good God!" I cried, "Is this possible?"

"Why not, my lord?"

I again condescended to reproaches; but shortly my pride came to my relief, and I departed from the odious den of that monster, resolved enough this time never to enter it more.

The artful, vicious woman, afterwards endeavoured, by letters, to lure me back.

At the instant of our last conversation, no doubt, she was governed by anger, excited by my reproaches, and too much despaired of retaining her power, after the disclosure of her conduct towards me, to play any game of affected repentance; but she had before received such strong proofs of my infatuation, of my devotion to self-indulgence, that she thought a trial worth the hazarding. Here, however, she had calculated falsely:—not only my pride was wounded, but *love!* for I really loved (as much as such a passion as mine could deserve that name), I really had loved Seraphina! That sentiment, such as it was, preserved me more effectually than my pride from her future snares.

This affair drew upon me the ridicule of all London, and I lay besides under the hands of the surgeons, suffering

under my wound, which was long before it healed.

Sir Frederic Fairfax, during my confinement, it may well be imagined, took the opportunity to renew his remonstrances with me on my childish passion for such a woman.

"Well, my lord," he said, gaily, "did I not tell you? Will you not confess at last, that I drew a faithful picture of your Seraphina?"

He stung me with the tone of the words "your Seraphina!" I smiled, however, and replied—"Yes, my monitor; I am convinced."

"If I could be as successful in another point," said he deliberately, and with a solemn manner; "if I could open

your eyes to another folly; and that before *experience* instructs you with all its *bitterness*, then should I be most happy!"

"What do you point at?" I replied.

"The fever of ambition devours you, my lord."

He spoke but too truly, but I evaded the subject, and he departed with this prophecy—that the experience he would gladly turn aside from me, would too cruelly inform me of my new error. I was not, in the conclusion, indeed, more fortunate in my ambitious projects, than in the affairs of love, or, to speak more justly, of licentiousness; for never will I deliberately confound the purest fountain of real happiness, with the foul source of guilt, shame, and misery.

My avidity for places and favours at court grew with my increasing necessities. I began to sustain repulses, for I asked almost always when any thing lucrative or splendid was to be given. My rivals in the same slippery path, beheld my credit in its decline, and often I had the cruel torment to see them exulting in their successful attempts to give me another and another fall.

I had now time to reflect on my excessive ambition and its folly. Ambition is, indeed, the least satisfactory of all our passions. By ambition I mean the diseased desire of obtaining the worldly grandeur of place, power and titles. Of all passions it most incessantly solicits the mind with its painful importunities; and let him who has enjoyed its utmost success, declare how well it

has indemnified him for his want of repose, his life of endless anxiety.

Corrupted and hardened as I have described my heart to be, there were moments in which my conscience was such a load to me, that I would gladly have laid down my life to be freed from its burden. I fled to infidelity for relief. I adopted that species of language common among free thinkers, which they deem to be alone reasonable, and which is as great a jargon as the wildest enthusiasm.

My ever steady adviser and constant friend, sought to convince me also of this error; but I ridiculed my friend, which before I had never done, having always listened with the respect virtue will always inspire, even in the minds of the most depraved, to all his admir-

able counsels, although too frequently regulating them in practice.

My new opinions so flattered my state of mind; I was so glad to reduce myself, and the whole human race to the poor condition of the beasts of the field that perish, both to excuse my actions, and to banish all idea of an eternal consciousness, which was indeed the idea of an eternal torture to me, that it needed some more powerful cause than Fairfax's arguments to bring conviction to my heart.

In this moment, when the die seemed already cast, Belford, that most dissolute of my gay companions, fell into an ill state of health, and was shortly pronounced to be in great danger. His character is well known to my readers, for the profligacy of his opinions and man-

ners: he was among those with whom from my earliest years I had been most intimate. I hastened to him. What did I behold? Oh, how cold did my blood creep through my veins! The man of the world, the votary of pleasure, the victim of disease, struggling with death, not as a brave man contends even with a superior enemy, but as a coward striving to escape from the hands of the executioner!

With a haggard look, he beckoned me to his bed side.

"Ah, you are come, Delaval!" he cried; "but can you give me consolation?"

I did endeavour to console him, but in truth I only aggravated his frenzy.

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed, "I am the most miserable of beings! Before and round me is nothing but one wide gulph to receive me. Ah, my lord! My dear friend: see if yet the physicians can save me if it be only for a short time!"

How dreadful to despair, and still to enquire for means of escape!

"There is a God!" he cried, after a pause of a few moments—"Horror, horror!"

He fell into a paroxysm of terror; never did I witness such looks.

"God is good," said a venerable looking man, who had just entered the room unperceived, and who from his dress I immediately knew to be a clergyman,

" and hope is permitted to all on this side the grave."

" Hope!" cried Belford, raising himself furiously in the bed; " for me there is none!" and as he uttered these words, he fell back on his pillow, and seemed expiring.

Unused to such scenes, I stood chained to the spot. I wished to retire; I had not power to move: it seemed as if I had come to anticipate my doom in his! I said as much to myself, and felt as if I too was delivered over to the demon of despair.

Belford recovered from his swoon; fixing his eyes on me, he said, " This fate awaits you also, my lord!"—It was the echo of my own thoughts—" I have regained a little strength—alas! to suffer

still more, because, Delaval! your presence, companions as we have been in guilt, adds to my horrors—Begone—begone—I am relapsing—I am in the agony of death."

I was really so affected, and why should I now hesitate to say, terrified, at the sight before me, that I almost fled from the mansion of death. The next morning I learnt Belford had died a few hours after I left him, in the convulsions of despair most horrible to all about him. My feelings were past description, when my better genius came to deliver me from the pangs of reflection. Sir Frederic having learnt the unexpected departure from this world of so great a libertine, and my most intimate companion, hastened to me.

"My dear Delaval," he said, "is this

lesson also to be lost? I have heard all: I know that you, in part, saw how the wicked die! Is it enough? Or will you also be in your turn a like example to others? Oh, my lord, for God's sake, withdraw in time from the dangerous road you now pursue!"

I was greatly moved, the dying libertine was before my eyes.

"Alas!" I said, with the sincerity of strong pity. "Alas, what is become of him?"

"Perhaps," said the compassionate Fairfax, "his repentance, late as it was, has been accepted. God is merciful —Ah, Delaval! Why will you not taste how merciful?"

The consoling words did not remove

the melancholy of my mind. Fairfax approached me, and seizing my hand, said, " I am sorry to see that this melancholy event affects you so deeply: may it lead you to a more constant investigation of that truth, your unhappy companion, I will not say friend, could not disguise when the hand of death was on him! *There is* a God! Yes, my lord, there is a God to *punish*, or *reward!* And oh, my dear Delaval!" he added, " may you, in your turn, know this truth also---He is a God, disarmed by sincere penitence!--- Remember this attribute of the divinity, which alone demands our love and veneration! You know, I once promised you, my lord, a sketch of those incidents which have occurred during my early life, and which have tinctured my advanced period with a gravity which can never be removed from my mind, by any after

occurrences of the world. I think I cannot choose a more proper time than the present, to execute that promise; and this evening you shall receive a sketch of events, which may serve to amuse your mind from a despondency not natural to it." So saying, he bad me adieu, and shortly after a packet was delivered to me; with the contents of which I present my readers, who will find it most directly opposite to my own blameable memoir; and will, no doubt, be surprised, that a man possessing so noble a mind, so excellent an understanding, and a heart so formed for virtue, could entertain the slightest regard for one of my principles. I really believe it was charity that attracted him to me, in the benevolent hope that I may one day, be drawn from the evil courses I pursued with so much avidity.

(The Packet of Sir Frederic Fairfax, not being essential, is omitted.)

The contents of the foregoing pages of my truly valuable friend, even now are every line impressed upon my mind, as his words vibrate even now on my ears. But at the time they were confided to me for my benefit and instruction, they did not produce more than a temporary impression on me. My infidelity lost something of its audacity; but in a few months after the death of the profligate companion, and abettor of my pleasures, the counsels of my friend, were, like all former warnings, as utterly lost, as if they had never been present to my feelings.

Reader, if you be treading the slippery paths of temptation, with which the fascinations and pleasures of the world

present you, lose not sight of my life! It is thy own; it is that of every young man of fashion, who plunges into licentious scenes, or who seeks for happiness in the destructive society of abandoned women; and these, who from motives of interest, flatter the vices of those they term friends, but who are, in reality, their bitterest enemies. Let them look into their own heart, and they will find the same momentary repentance for error, the same relapses. May the faithful recital of my mistakes, my repeated wanderings, warn them to set a watch upon their footsteps, that they may no more return to their former follies, which they perhaps have also abjured and detested, as I, alas! too often did!

My father and mother, who had ever been indulgent to my vices, were almost

forgot by me, save only when some pressing and urgent demands on my purse, which I had no other way of discharging, but by a post obit at his death, brought to my recollection the advanced period of his life; or when at stated times I paid a visit of ceremony at Clarendon House, for the pursuit of my ambition; and the pleasure of dissipation left little time, and still less inclination, for the discharge of any of my duties.

The earl was evidently hurt at my neglect of him: for *persons*, as they advance in life, are more tenacious of attention and respect; and one morning that business called me to him, he took an opportunity to say to me—

"I am but too justly punished (though indeed, very severely, my dear

son) for the erroneous education I gave you. I feel your indifference, your aversion, I may say, to the company of your parents; but we have deserved it all for our own extravagant indulgence."

I attempted to defend myself; his lordship interrupted me.

"You do not deceive me, Delaval: even your wife and children, taking the tone of my son, receive me with coldness, rather than the respect due to a parent: but I myself laid the foundation of all this in your very childhood! When youth gave me the opportunity, I neglected to make the impression, which rarely, indeed, is ever afterwards made. Yet nature has its rights, and you, my son, may one day know what it is to have an unkind child!"

At that instant I was touched to the soul; I threw myself into my father's arms, assuring him, that thenceforth he should never have reason to complain of my conduct towards him—that I and mine, as far as I had power over them, would make it our study to express the respect and affection due to him.

I spoke with the sincerity of a heart touched with remorse; and my father seemed so satisfied with my assurances, that he gave me a draft on his banker for two thousand pounds, which I told him would render me the most essential service.

My filial affection survived this interview but a short time: the earl perceived my former coldness return, and renewed his remonstrances, which to a

disposition such as mine, only aggravated the evil; and in a little time, we rarely saw each other; and I almost forgot I had parents living, but as their doing so, kept me out of a splendid fortune.

Another instance of my coldness of heart, deserves to be recorded immediately after the former. Among the many victims of my art and seduction in my early years, was a lovely girl of extreme youth and beauty. When I first saw her, she lived in the neighbourhood of Clarendon Castle, with her father, a respectable and happy man, who was beloved by all who knew him.

Shortly after our intercourse, this unfortunate girl informed me by letter, that she had withdrawn from her father's house, to conceal her disgrace, the result of my pretended affection, and of her

own too implicit faith in the promises of man. I remitted her a sum for her present wants, fearing that distress might induce her to acquaint the Earl of Clarendon with our connection, rather than from any sentiment of honour or compassion; but soon after, not hearing more of her, I actually, in more novel pursuits, forgot that such a person had existence, as the betrayed and deserted Laura.

To those not viciously inclined, is it credible, that men who *call* themselves, and even *believe* themselves to be honourable members of society, can basely abandon their own offspring, even to that degree, as not to inquire where they are, or how they exist?

Unhappy children of such fathers! to what humiliations, to what disgrace, to what want and misery are

ye exposed ; while the authors of your wretched beings are rioting in plenty, attended with the respect of the world, and the love of their relations, little thinking of you, or caring for your fate! Libertines,—reflect on the duties he assumes, who makes the too sad present of life, to a being, whom even his utmost love and care cannot wholly shelter from the disgrace of the parent's act!

One morning I was informed that a young man requested the honour of a moment's private interview with me. I ordered him to be introduced: his appearance, his address, prejudiced me greatly in his favour. I requested him to be seated, and demanded his business.

" My lord," he said, with that delightful simplicity, which is the result of a generous and feeling character, " I

was charged to deliver this letter into your own hands: it will inform your lordship who I am, and the too sad loss I have sustained."

While he was speaking, I could not take my eyes from his fine person: he appeared about sixteen, was extremely handsome, and dressed in deep mourning, which gave a pensive air to his animated countenance.

As he addressed himself to me, tears suffused the natural brightness of his eyes, and appeared involuntarily to stray down his blooming cheek. I was, without knowing why, extremely affected, but could not divine what concern I could have in the affair, except it were, indeed, to relieve the wants of a stranger, which I had never been prone to do. So much, however, did the carriage and

person of this youth win on my affections, that I resolved to do him a service. I took the letter from his trembling hand, not even then suspecting from the inscription on the cover, the author of its contents: they were as follow:—

To Lord Delaval.

"My Lord,

"Conscious of my crime, it is not till the last hour of my existence, that I intrude myself again on your lordship, once the beloved of my heart, the partner of my guilt.——" I hastily, on reading these lines, turned to the name at the end, stood confused for a moment; then cast my eye on the interesting youth, and resumed the reading of the letter.—

"For I am but too fatally convinced, from bitter experience, that your lordship has no desire to hear more from me.

"My son, and your son, my lord—" I dared not to look up, but read on, though dreading every line that was to follow, to hide my emotion, if possible, from the youth.—

"My son, and your son, my lord, will inform you of the deplorable condition to which my love for you has reduced me, and which I have no longer strength to describe myself.

"Your solemn promise pledged, never to desert me, too long abused my credulity; yet it bore me through many difficulties. At length I saw that I was forgotten by you, and I strove hard, by

honest labour, to get bread for myself, and the unfortunate victim of our mutual error. Many humiliations, many sorrows, many wants, I had to suffer; but I was a mother! And what will not a mother suffer for her child?

"In a word, my lord, through much misery, I was still so happy as to rear our child, and even to give him some education: and now he is to lose me, poor boy! how will he, who has never known other distress, than sometimes to see me weep, how will he bear the loss?

"My lord, have you so little humanity as to throw this youth on the world,—your son, my lord, though the laws permit him not to call you father?

"You forgot the guilty, wretched mother! How little did I once expect that! But I forgive you, as Heaven, I trust, will pardon me. Let the mother then ever be forgotten, but be not the barbarian to deny your son!—

"He will put into your hands, my lord, various papers, some of your own writing, which will prove who he is. I die with the consoling hope, that you will be more kind to our interesting child (for such he is), than to his unhappy mother, who sends you her last wish. Oh, may it obtain your pity for your son, who is not only innocent of faults towards you, but towards me, in whose sight he has constantly lived!

"Farewell, my lord! I pray for your happiness.

"LAURA M——."

I clasped the youth in my arms, and swore never to forsake him.

He presented the papers to me spoken of in the letter. I hastily cast my eyes over some of them.

"You are my son," I cried! "These vouchers were enough, but in your features I recognise your mother. And you have lost her?" I added, although certain to hear him answer in the affirmative.

"Alas, my lord, I have! My dear mother is gone; and I loved her so!—Oh, what an angel she was!"

His voice was lost with his emotion. I took him again to my arms, and he dropped his tears on my bosom. Ah,

sacred drops, how dear were they to the heart!

"I know not," I said with extreme embarrassment, after a little pause, during which I seated him beside me, "how it was—how it could be that I forgot your poor mother. I really loved her: it was never my intention to——"

I hesitated.—How humiliating for the father to stammer out his excuse to his son!

"My lord!" the boy cried out, giving me such a look of mingled love and pity.

"My father!" he added, rising and throwing himself at my feet. "Ah! permit me this once to call you so!"

"Ever, my son, ever call me father, for such I am, such will be to you in future."

After much similar conversation I said, "I will now give you a letter to a person who shall in some respects supply my place with you. Do not come here. I will write to you, see you often, but I would not have your story known at present in this house. However, be assured, I will not be the less your father, since I will endeavour to repair the loss you have had in one parent, whose remembrance I shall cherish, and whose last wish I will sacredly fulfil."

Nature, thy gracious power then ruled my soul!

Henry, for that was his name, left me,

not doubting that he had found a father: in short I introduced him to the only friend in whom I could confide, and the good Sir Frederic Fairfax soon after placed him under a gentleman, in whom he could trust properly to instruct his youth, frequently paid Henry and his tutor a visit, and every time thought the boy more and more interesting.

Here, then, I might have preserved something to compensate for the absence of hearts in my own home, to love me, and sympathise with me in my better moments; but how shall I declare my next infatuation? Henry ere long perceived, that though I could be sensibly affected, as I was when he first brought his unfortunate mother to my recollection; yet these feelings were all but transitory, yielding to my pursuit of ambition or pleasure. He saw that my

visits were gradually less frequent; that I was more cold in my manners when I came; that I neglected to remit for months the expences of his maintenance and education; and had even given oblique directions to curtail them; but that my monitor and friend, Fairfax, supplied to him all that the most tender parent could have done.

Meantime the pomp of my style of living, and my lavish expenditure on one new mistress succeeding another, were conveyed to his ear by the tongue of public rumour. Henry sighed in private over his mother's memory, and my character. Ah, how truly has it been said, *that our life is but a perpetual infancy!*

The natural punishments of my faults began now to follow me. My mother's death first brought serious reflec-

tion to my mind, for any length of time. I have before spoken of my negligence of my children's education. My daughter, innocent and pure when I forced her to become the unhappy wife of the man she detested, now that she was her own mistress, to banish all tender recollections from her mind, refined on the manners and conduct of her mother. Not content to sacrifice appearances to the spirit of coquetry, to pursue with avidity the frivolous pleasures of society; she gave the reins to all her passions, and was publicly said to have various lovers.

Lord Hervey one morning entered my apartment with an ill humour in his countenance, that too plainly told me I had remonstrances to bear for his wife's folly.

"Your daughter," my lord, he said with great sullenness, "is no longer careful to save her own reputation or my honour."

"My lord!"

"Here, my lord; here is proof!"

He placed before me a letter written by my daughter to a handsome favourite fop of the day, expressed in terms that scarcely permitted me to deny Lady Hervey's infidelity.

I felt all the shame of a parent, conscious that the fault of the child might well be attributed to his careless education of her. I sought, however, for the honour of my family, to prevent the affair being made public, and began with endeavouring to pacify the

deceived husband. I affected to think the matter might not be so bad as he feared; and painted the disgrace, and other ill effects of a rupture with his wife, promising to speak with the authority of a father to my child, and protesting that I believed he would not have cause hereafter of complaint, even for appearances. I saw Lord Hervey passionately loved his wife, and dreaded a separation from her, and I gained my point.

"Send Jemima," I added, "to me, my dear lord, without delay, and I shall have to inform you, I am persuaded, of a happy result."

The earl withdrew, and shortly after my daughter entered my room, with a look so composed, that she actually disconcerted me.

"Lord Hervey informs me, my lord, that you wish to speak to me. What has my father to communicate?"

"Something, Jemima, that is of the most serious nature: your husband complains heavily of your conduct: he goes so far even as to declare to me his honour he believes to be affected."

"I beg leave to interrupt your lordship," she replied, in a manner most painful, most humiliating to me.—"If it were, indeed, true that I am as faithless as I knew Lord Hervey to be, and as he would insinuate I am, to an engagement that I never made with my will (pardon this temerity, my lord), condescend to inform me who is to blame.—For, my father, who imposed this obligation on me, in despite of my remonstrances, my intreaties, my pre-

engaged heart? Was I not in fact dragged to the altar? Did you not know, my lord, that I could not love—that I despised, detested Lord Hervey? I go further, my lord," she added, seeing my agitation.—" You will permit me to lay aside the thought at this moment, when I feel the whole weight of the injuries done me, that I speak the truth to the author of my being, and the author of them. This, my lord, is the first time that you have condescended to mention my duties, except when you imposed upon me the task of obeying your absolute will."

" What would you dare to say?" I cried in a paroxysm of passion.

" Where are the instructions I ever received from you?"—Jemima regarded me with a scrutinizing, and almost dis-

dainful eye—and—I almost tremble to finish—"what were the fruits you could expect" — she cast upon me a look something like scorn—"from the examples I had before my eyes?"

This bold, though rude appeal to my own heart, utterly confounded me. Conscience, that severe judge, was on her side: conscience sternly declared that my daughter was no more than just in this bitter language. My heart recoiled; I had not resolution to reply: the respect with which parents arm themselves fled, and I dared no longer use the authority of a father.

Jemima perceiving my embarrassment, threw herself at my feet.

"Pardon me, my father," she said, "pardon me! And, oh! If I may still

claim your paternal affection permit me to solicit a separation from a man I cannot but despise. Oh, my lord! My existence is misery with such a man." I raised my child: paternal affection had gained the ascendant; I endeavoured to soothe her, and declared I would study her future happiness, though it should be at the price she demanded.

We separated without any precise result of our conversation.

When Lady Hervey left me I delivered myself over to the bitterest reflections; my errors, my crimes, rushed in upon my thoughts: the negligence of my children's education was among the most fearful.—*What were the fruits you could expect from the example I had before my eyes?* Those words were poison to my recollections: they opened the

volume, the sad volume of my life to me.

Still it must surprise my reader, that with this occasional sensibility of character, I could commit the most bold and hateful crimes, as well as those that sprung from my impetuous passions of pleasure. I too soon utterly neglected the unfortunate son of the betrayed Laura, that poor orphan (I may say), if I was no longer his father, cast upon me with such affecting circumstances, and who had fled to me for refuge, commended by his mother's dying prayers, by his own singular merit. Henry would scarcely now have had necessaries, but for that truest friend to whose generous protection I had fortunately confided him: he made many bold remonstrances with me on this subject. I acknowledged, from time to

time, their force, and promised to be more liberal: yet absence, the business and pleasures of my life, and other causes drove the poor boy from my mind: and when accidentally I thought of him, it was at last with a species of disgust—a mere subsistence, a trade, a small inferior employment, would be sufficient for him I thought.

To free myself from the importunity of Fairfax, who was his faithful and zealous friend, I said one day to the youth—"I have been thinking, Henry, of your establishment in life."

"Indeed, my lord, I wish to enter into some business, instead of pursuing my education, if you would be so good as to place me in a situation—the line I leave to your choice."

With a total want of delicacy, I hinted at an employment I thought suitable to him, and by which I should rid myself of the burthen I then considered him, but which was so degrading to him, that scarcely able to conceal his tears, he replied, "Ah, my mother, poor as you were, would you have destined your son to such a situation?"

"But, my dear boy, what would you desire, if you were my legitimate child?"

"My lord," he said, with the native dignity of a man, "Has not nature named *you* my father? For myself I have all the gratitude, all the love of a child for you! Yes, my lord, I repeat that nature—"

He was silenced by his emotions: he could not proceed.

I reasoned the case with him of the situation of illegitimate children. I endeavoured to shew him, that all he could expect of me, was the assistance that would enable him to live in some humble employment by his own industry.

During our conversation, in the warmth of discussion, Henry more than once displayed a haughtiness of mind that I thought insulting to me. I had the imprudence, the hardness of heart, to say that the circumstance of being illegitimate, was a stain that prevented any of those high pretensions in society, that I plainly saw he indulged in.

He arose, bowed with cold politeness, and was about to withdraw.

Seeing his intention to leave me, I offered to embrace him.

"No, my lord," he said; "since I am not your child, I will not accept of caresses that belong only to a son! Alas, how dear were you to me, when my dear lamented mother spoke of you! How have I loved you since your first generous reception of me! But, my lord, I will no longer be a charge on you:" his heart seemed to swell with his thoughts. —"You place me too low, I can carve a better fortune for myself, and if I cannot live, I can die without being a further burden to you."

In despite of himself, I pressed the truly noble youth to my heart: it was

again open to this generous boy. I had not, indeed, rigidly determined to deal so poorly with him, as my words implied; but the blow was struck: from that instant the generous Henry was too evidently the prey of melancholy; and one day I received information, that he had disappeared, leaving me the following letter:—

"Since in your lordship's eyes, I am not entitled to the name of son, I go where feeling minds may acknowledge the ties of friendship, which I shall endeavour to cultivate, to bind my poor deserted heart to the human face. Perhaps I may find some who will console me for the rigour of the laws—for your rigour, my lord! Ah, I love you, as if, indeed, you were my legitimate parent! To my last breath, my lord, I shall preserve this sentiment,

and pray for your happiness. Ah, my lord, condescend sometimes to think of my martyred mother."

This letter was anew received to my heart; I caused diligent search to be made for Henry, resolving to keep him thenceforth, if I should recover him, near my person and my heart. Oh, what a treasure had I in ignorance and pride thrown from me! More than half my fortune would I have given to recover it. How often did I go, and inquire of his tutor; talk with him of Henry; and how many new instances of goodness, guiltlessness, and true elevation of sentiment, did I hear related of my deserted boy!

All my attempts to discover him were fruitless; I could not find one trace by which I might follow my fugitive son, so worthy of my paternal affection.

Ah, how severely did my legitimate children avenge upon me the wrongs I had done this boy!

My wife was seized with a violent fever caught at a fête, where she had exposed herself to the night air: an inflammation on her lungs ensuing, she died in a few days, without one proof of ordinary affection for me during her illness, leaving debts to discharge to the amount of ten thousand pounds, the consequence of an unbounded love of ostentation, and an absolute disregard of all calculation of her expences; and without any hope of assistance from her vulgar purse-proud father, who had long since been upon terms of enmity with me, and had positively declared I should never benefit another shilling from him.

Lady Hervey afforded me no consola-

tion in the sad state into which I was now thrown: she and her lord had been reconciled by the lowest motives of vile interest: he calculating that a separation would injure his fortune, left her to the pursuit of her inclinations—of her irregular passions, I fear: and she thus indulged, thus protected in her pleasures, no longer thought her condition so odious, and hated her husband less, since he was so complaisant as seldom to be seen in the same parties with her.

My mother had been dead many months, and all the good advice she had bestowed on me in her last moments, had only left a faint trace on my mind. My father I seldom saw: grown old and peevish, he now cared as little for me, as I had done for him during my whole life; and, indeed, when necessity

brought us together, there appeared on his part, an apparent coldness, absolutely bordering on dislike.

To my son I could not look for any comfort.—I speak of my legitimate son. Alas, my Henry, who might have supported my sinking heart, was banished by my unkindness!

My son was what is usually called a fine young man; but how many shades are included in that name? He loved society and pleasure above all things: in a word, he had followed my example, and being headstrong and spirited, I had not the least controul over his conduct.

Ambition continued to lead me from dream to dream, and not satisfying my

craving appetite for some species of enjoyment, I became the prey of a new passion, the passion of avarice.

Although I have only now mentioned this change in my mind, it had long, and even before I perceived its effects taken place, and influenced many of my actions: to this mean vice much of my conduct to the poor Henry is to be ascribed.

The amiable Fairfax, attracted by a sympathy, no doubt, to the motives of which, at that time, we were strangers, in every change in the rapid fluctuations of my sentiments, sought to convey them into that channel, where alone they could find an even and happy course, now recapitulated with all the eloquence of virtue and friendship, the story of my mis-spent life. I could

well have spared his zealous labour; for my heart already trembled to look that way; but he judged the task salutary, and, in truth, it would have produced all he proposed, if my faults had not been of that inveterate cast, which come from false impressions, early, very early imbibed.—It may easily be anticipated, that the impression made on my feelings, like all the former, was no more than transitory: the evil now, was not that the solicitations of passion, and the desire of enjoyment, misled me; but that I wished to fly from misery, and knew not still to what quarter to fly, soon found the passion which had gradually attracted me, when, almost insensible of its approaches, now absorbed my whole soul as entirely as any that had preceded it: in a little time money was the only good

I sought, accumulation of wealth my only study.

I had only remaining five thousand pounds, besides my annual income from my father, to pay all my own debts, and those with which my wife had so unexpectedly involved me. I had formed acquaintances with that description of men, who support splendid establishments, by the necessities of their fellow creatures: my occasional embarrassments, and the meannesses to which I was often obliged to have recourse, when I had it not in my power to discharge their extravagant demands for my accommodation, had obliged me, notwithstanding my native pride, to associate with these pests of society, and even to honour their table with my presence, as a sanction to other unfortunate persons, whose distress might

have forced to such a temporary relief to their perhaps, everlasting ruin :—and these sort of persons, finding a man of my rank being sometimes seen in their society, was of use to their schemes, always took the opportunity of asking me to dine, when they knew it was not in my power to give them any cash; of which, indeed, they kept me constantly drained: and at such times as I could not give them any money, I did not choose to affront them, by refusing my company; on which, perhaps, they set as high a value, as it might enable them, from my example, to make some other unfortunate dupe their victim. One of these advertising locusts, who I had long known, finding out I had this small sum at my banker's, advised me to lend it at usurious interest, for a few months, to a banker, a friend of his; by which means, he

said, I should soon be enabled to pay all my debts, without encroaching on my capital, as the security was undoubted, he said. I grasped at the proposal, in the hope of accumulating with rapidity, and committed the whole of my ready money to his discretion.

On my way to his house, I called on Fairfax, whom on all occasions I had found the most gifted with prophecy of all men, and made known my intentions.

" How can you, " replied he," be so inconsiderate ? It is not a trader who is stable and solvent, that borrows money at the expense of enormous interest. If this banker, as Prince calls him, was not declining in his affairs, would he hazard his name by the proposal, or have any dealings *with such*

an agent? I say nothing of the illicit gain you expect, so much beneath you to accept; I speak only of ordinary prudence. My friend let the banker and his friend the broker get money at extraordinary interest, if they can, but do not you be their dupe."

"My dear Fairfax, I have taken every possible precaution: you cannot suspect me of rashly lending my money; I have paid during my life enough of usurious interest: and now if I have a chance of recovering a little of my own back again, am I not right to make the experiment."

"Nay, my lord, I advise you on the principle of preserving your money."

"Well, well, let me get what I can; money makes up for many disappoint-

ments, but cures none of the griefs of the heart."

"Avarice is not only the basest of the passions, but that also which makes the least return to him who sacrifices to it. Torments are its only rewards; and to this mean, stupid desire, can you, my lord, be reduced? Ah, do not give me cause to regret that we were once friends, which would increase my pity —my pity for him who is the most to be pitied of mortals."

These truths, uttered with so little ceremony, wounded my pride. I even thought of abruptly ending all intercourse with this my only true friend; but a secret voice justified him and condemned myself—happily, most happily for me. If we always consulted the

inward monitor, how often would that voice save us on the brink of the greatest evil.

Spite of his remonstrances, I paid into the hands of Prince all the cash I could command, with various bills of exchange and other securities to be usuriously employed.

My love of money was by this new traffic inflamed to a raging disease. My mind was in a continual fever. As the exorbitant interest of my capital came in from time to time, I congratulated myself on the broker's fidelity, and knowledge of business. I laughed at my prudent adviser, and often in my turn rallied him upon the prudent and worldly part of his argument (as he called it) against my favourite scheme.

Acquiring money with rapidity, as I did for a few short months in this vile sort of traffic, did not constitute my happiness. My children, they were a direst curse to me. Even a depraved father shudders at depraved children: the dissolute manners of my once innocent Jemima, were become the topic of common scandal in London. My son had formed a connection with a low artful needy family, who had drawn him to an attachment for a daughter, portionless and pretty, while at Westminster, and who I had every reason to believe he had made his wife: in short, I had no comfort remaining, and flew to acquiring money with as much avidity as I had once taken pains to spend it.

One morning Prince was announced, he informed me he had taken the liberty to wait on me with an offer of security,

where I might embark money with even more advantage than I had hitherto gained, although that had been very great. He had been punctual in paying the interest due upon the sums he had received from me. I greedily jumped at his offer. Delivering to this common plunderer all the accumulations of my usurious bargains, securities and property, together with the diamonds of the late Lady Delaval, felicitating myself in the most polite terms on my happy chance in finding such an agent; and, with that sort of smile, which expresses the exultation of cunning, I said, "I know, my good friend, you will take care to place my money safely."

"You know *me*, my lord," replied he bowing, and looking as if he had said, "recollect what I have done for you."

I now frequently amused myself with a calculation on paper of how much I should be worth in a given space, by employing my money as I had done! But my fear was that little Prince might not always find me such profitable and secure engagements for money. But he would answer all my doubts on that subject, by replying, "Oh, never fear, my lord; my money connections are so extensive, my character so well known, that I can dispose of all the money your lordship can confide to me." So that I saw no obstacle to my being as wealthy at the end of a short period, as my calculations promised.

On the very heels of one of these dreams, an account was brought me that my *friend* Prince had fled to France, having first raised immense sums from credulous persons.

"The robber!" I exclaimed; "the murderer!" But of what avail were my exclamations? He had left many beggars behind him to curse their own folly in having had transactions with such a villain; and all the money I could scrape together had gone in these supposed speculations.

The Earl of Clarendon one morning sent a messenger to desire my immediate presence. The person who called on me with this message, was a particular friend of his—his countenance and manner bore in them something mysterious, and a foreboding for which I could not account, informed me that he was the bearer of ill tidings.

"The Earl of Clarendon," he said, "has made me the messenger of news it is painful to me to announce. His lordship

is ill, and requests your immediate attendance. Hasten if you wish to give a temporary relief to his already agonized feelings; he has something of the *utmost importance* to announce before he dies, a secret of such vast import to be disclosed, as would render it impossible for him to leave this world with tranquillity, unless he had an opportunity of doing justice to those he has most injured; and I am expressly commissioned by him, to demand of you, in his name, as the last proof of obedience he shall ever claim from you as a son, that you do not lose a moment in obeying his last summons."

My heart contended with feelings of the most opposite nature, and ringing for my carriage, I eagerly exclaimed, "Why was I not sooner apprised of his dangerous situation? I fly this moment

to receive his blessing, and his last wishes."

"My lord, I came the moment I was instructed to do so: with infinite pain do I execute such an office; but severe, sometimes, are the offices of friendship."

We soon reached Clarendon House, and I was instantly conducted to the dressing-room of the earl, who sat in a great chair, supported by pillows, and appearing as if a few short hours must terminate his existence.

As I entered, he made a sign for me to approach him.—"William," said he, "It is in vain that I endeavour to dissemble the matter with myself: old age has overtaken me, before I gave myself leave even to think of its approaches; to prepare myself for the great change

which is about to take place. So little have I regarded time as it passed, that I should not have even now perhaps thought of my years, if the wrinkles of my skin, my trembling pace, and above all, the pangs of disease, did not now say to me—the whole vigour of your life is fled!—

"How awful is this reflection! Life drawing to a close, and the crimes of youth not yet compensated for: how terrible to be on the brink of the grave, and unable to look back on the path we have trod, for consolation. Old age has its sorrows, even when it is accompanied with the soothing thoughts of a well-spent life.—Oh, then, what must be my sensations, when to its natural evils, are added the consciousness of time employed in contributing only

to pleasures of the worst, and most criminal kind.—The old man who has well performed his part in the world, may congratulate himself, when infirmities begin to inform him, that ere long he will be dismissed from this scene of trials: but he, who like me, is surprised by old age in the midst of his crimes or follies, is indeed the most miserable of human beings.

"I am now eighty; my limbs have long shook, as I planted my cane to support my steps. No more gay illusions, which though fleeting, are thought bright in their passage, are to shine upon my hours. All before me is cold and dark: the inviting flowers I had plucked in my thorny road, even they are no more in my path. Sterile as the pointed mountain rock is all

around me. Solitary was the passion that swayed my bosom, and all its effects are remorse and bitter repentance.

"From you I have not experienced the affectionate attention a son, under all circumstances, should ever pay the author of his being, however the follies of a parent may render him unworthy to others; yet is it far more bitter than the serpent's tooth, to live to behold the neglect and ingratitude of those on whom our silly fondness has been squandered. But you have yet to learn a truth from my lips, which in justice to a far more worthy object, I am now imperiously called on to declare—Start not when I tell—*you* are not *the heir* to *my title and estates.*"

I was about to interrupt him, in the agony of the moment; but he commanded my silence, and I sat with trembling impatience, and my eye fixed on vacancy to learn my fate.

"Some years," he continued, "prior to the accession of my late father to the honours which now centre in me; and which, being a very distant branch of the family, he had little hope of ever enjoying; he placed me at Oxford, in order to afford me, by the best education, the means of going through life in one of the liberal professions: determined, that if it was not in his power to give me riches, I should at all events, have every advantage the son of a gentleman of small fortune could expect. During the time I was keeping my terms at the university, I contracted an affection

for a lovely girl, who was the only daughter of a man of small independent fortune in the neighbourhood: who being young, artless, and possessed of a heart feelingly alive to the most exquisite sensibility, I soon prevailed on to become secretly my wife; making her at the same time take the most solemn oath, never without my consent, to divulge our mutual secret. This she most strictly performed, and her father shortly after paying the debt of nature, I prevailed on her to dispose of her little property, and quit the neighbourhood of Oxford, and settle where her conduct was less likely to be watched by those to whom she would be a total stranger. I soon fixed her in a pretty cottage in Wales, near the residence of my father, where she passed as a widow, being at that time

far advanced in her pregnancy. Here she resided some months in a state of tranquil happiness, myself visiting her whenever I could go without the knowledge of my family. The time now advanced when she was to become a mother; and the same moment she gave birth to a son, resigned her pure soul to the hands of her God, recommending her infant to the care of its unworthy parent, who has deserted and abandoned his *eldest child*, the *rightful inheritor* of all his honours. I immediately placed the child at nurse, with the wife of a farmer in the neighbourhood, telling the woman he was the son of a particular friend of mine, who on his death-bed had left me the charge of his widow, and unborn infant. For the first two years I visited him frequently, and felt all the tenderness of

a parent for my infant son.—At this period my father, who was naturally of a proud and haughty disposition, came to the earldom, by the death of *three* in *one year*, who were before him in right of his family honours. Elated by this sudden exaltation, and giddy with the splendour of my new situation, I too soon forgot my sainted Mary, and the sweet infant pledge of our mutual love.—A marriage was proposed by the Duke of Avondale, between his only daughter and myself: and regardless of all other considerations, I united myself to your mother, without having ever disclosed to any one the claims my eldest child had on me. The pride of the Duke of Avondale, I well knew, would never have suffered him to consent to my union with Lady Jane, to whom I was really

attached, if he had known the infant claimant I had on my title and estate; and I built on the many diseases to which children are liable as likely to prevent his living to call on me for that justice which is his due: at all events, I thought I could always avoid a discovery of his birth, as no one person, not even his nurse, knew the secret. Nature had exerted herself to establish his claim, by having stamped on him a mark, which it was not likely would ever leave me at a loss to identify my son: it was his want of a toe on his right foot, and the little finger of his right hand being marked with a mulberry.

A thought now rushed on my mind, and I faintly uttered — "Fairfax is your son, my lord; is the brother of the man (ah, who will say there is

no provider,) to whom he has ever been a most zealous friend." His lordship confirmed my suspicions, and proceeded: —" After my marriage the fascinations of high life, and the power your mother gained over my affections, together with your birth, who was universally imagined the representative of two noble families, so absorbed all other feelings, that I totally forgot my deserted child during the space of twelve years. When nature called on me to make some inquiries respecting him, I found that the woman who had the care of him, had quitted that part of the country, without leaving any trace behind of my child, or where she had removed to: this event did not give me the uneasiness a parent under other circumstances must have felt. Dissipation and sensibility cannot dwell

together; the heart is hardened by that profuse indulgence in pleasure, which characterizes men of the world, and in time they become monsters, and not human beings, by the hardness of heart, and the want of natural affection, which characterizes the wealthy and the gay.

"It was not, William, till your almost total desertion of your poor old father, that I reflected on my injustice to that son, whose claims on me are prior to yours; and I have made for the last two years every inquiry respecting the nurse of Lord Delaval, without effect. I also caused advertisements to be inserted in the papers, and bills to be printed, offering large rewards to any person who would give information to a person I appointed respecting the woman and child. Yesterday Mrs. Davies came

to me, and notwithstanding the number of years elapsed, I well knew the nurse of my son: she then told me her little history, and the powerful friend my innocent child had found, when deserted by his natural protector, saying she was now on a visit at the house of this amiable son; who was no other than the noble, virtuous Fairfax, that man to whom I have long been attached, without knowing the tender ties by which nature has bound us to each other. You are now to conform to the state of a younger brother, with a very contracted fortune; for the estate is entailed with the title, and not in my power to incumber.—But I have no doubt, but your generous noble-minded brother will do all that can be expected from a heart like that with which his breast is filled.—I have seen and em-

braced *this son*, so worthy of the exalted rank he was born to fill: his claims are established beyond all possibility of dispute, and I only waited to inform you of the circumstance, before I acknowledge him as my son, and the future Earl of Clarendon."

My sensations at this moment were past description, and that which was even more painful to me than the loss of rank and fortune, was the recollection of my many acts of unkindness to a father, who in early life had loved me, whatever were his errors. My senses were for some time almost as much absent as those of the dead. At length, I received the pardon and embrace of a parent, who soon after took a final leave of all earthly considerations.

My brother in the most affectionate and ardent manner, assured me of every proof of tenderness it was in his power to give, expressing at the same time, that notwithstanding the recent discovery, he should in all respects consider my rights as equal to his own, and desiring I would consider every thing to which he was entitled, completely at my disposal. From my long knowledge of his truly virtuous mind, and the noble principles which was the result of a proper education, I could not be surprized at any act of generosity from him, who not only professed, but practiced all the virtues he recommended to others. Generous to the faults of others, this honour to nobility was strict only to himself, and surrounded by all the pomp of rank and fortune, seemed only to consider himself as the

steward of all those who had claims on his heart or purse. Shortly after the death of our father, my noble brother formed a union with the first object of his youthful tenderness; and though on being presented to the new made Countess of Clarendon, I found her past the first bloom of beauty, yet in possession of every charm and accomplishment which could ensure the affection of a man of reason and reflection. I know not in what language to convey an idea of her beauty: the primitive freshness of youth had left her, but nature, while she ripened her charms, had given them a sprightliness and animation that laid all hearts under contribution. Her beauty resembled that of the rose, which requires the summer sun to bring it to perfection: it is then that nature, smiling at the completion of its work,

invites the hand to pluck it, lest it should fade on its stalk: thus is the period of its full perfection, the last of its existence. And their lives afford a striking contrast to that of most of their equals, in the circles of high life.

My son and daughter, mortified at the discovery of an elder son of the earl, which must of course lessen their pretensions in life, particularly the situation of my son, now threw off the mask of respect, and openly rebelled at my interference, if I offered to give them advice for their future conduct in life, which by woful experience, I was now so well to do. The news of the extraordinary discovery, which had deprived me of the title of the Earl of Clarendon, now laid me open to a number of difficulties. Ashamed of

confessing to this noble brother *all* the embarrassments which now pressed on me from the persons to whom I was indebted, the nature of whose claims it wounded me to the soul to be forced to confess to a character so just, so virtuous. I was arrested for a debt of five thousand pounds, and without ceremony conveyed to the house of the officer who had executed the writ.

My brother was at this period in the country, and I had no other alternative, but patiently to wait an answer to a letter I sent off to him, which I could not expect for five days at least.

I now looked at the world and my former companions: how sick was I in truth of that world, not as heretofore with a temporary loathing, but with a

calm aversion, which removes at a distance from what is noxious, and I determined never should that world deceive me again. I do not fear to pronounce that the calm state to which my mind was now reduced, is rarely attained without the chastening hand of misfortune; patiently, therefore, ought that to be born which has such important uses. He who is drunk with prosperity, never has a knowledge of man, such as he is: every real sentiment of those around him, is covered from his view by the deceitful veil of politeness, and real opinion is lost in the affectation of respect and regard for him. He sleeps and dreams through life; but when the hand of adversity has roused him, and cleared the film from his eyes, if he cannot be said to behold a world as inviting and fair as before, at least he is no

longer betrayed by false visions. The idle and treacherous prop of other men's flatteries being removed, he looks inward for support, and though there he at first finds too many causes for sorrow, his mind is gradually justified by this search: this scrutiny gathers strength by its self-examination, and disdains to depend on *others* for its happiness. I sent to many I had called my friends in my days of affluence, to bail me till the return of my brother would enable me to settle my affairs; but I found, like all others in distress, that friendship was not the growth of high life. Why, I now wonder, did I not spare myself that folly, that humiliation? Some assured me they would have been happy to serve me, but had made promises not to become security for any one, or it would have given them plea-

sure so to do; others insulted me with reproaches, with still more galling advice. Alone, and in confinement, I remembered my poor Henry. I would have given all my former expectations to have ascertained his present situation, what he might have to suffer. I had chaced him from me by cruelty, the worst of cruelty—by insulting his ingenuous and noble spirit.

He, I often thought, would have been far different from my other children; he knew what it was to have a glowing heart. Alas! the worse and the more unpardonable my treatment.

I was sitting in my room one day reading, when the turnkey opened my door, and I turned to know the cause of his intrusion, when Henry, my son, was in my arms.

"Oh, my father," he cried! and hid his face in my breast.

"What," I said, pulling him a little from me, and earnestly surveying him, "is it my Henry?"

"Yes, my father, your poor Henry!"

I folded him in my arms, and wept plentifully.

"Oh, my boy! Do I see you again? Then it is the will of Heaven to sooth the remnant of life! How can I have deserved this blessing?"

"Be composed, my father!" said Henry, leading me to a seat.

"And have you forgot my unkind usage, Henry?"

"My dear lord, think not of the past. I have ever loved you with the affection of a son. Grant me that tender name, which I will endeavour to deserve, and I shall be indeed most happy."

"My son, my son," I answered; and Henry kissed my hand, dropping a tear on it, that seemed to seal my pardon.

He then said—"I cannot now relate the particular events of my story, which would detain me too long from saying *you see* me *returned with* a fortune more than equal to *all* my desires.—Yes, all my desires," he added passionately—"I have learned what has passed here—

Your losses—the conduct of those you thought your friends—your children; but I have enough, my father—I have enough! And you are free from this abominable place.

"And now I can tell you a little more of the matter. In search of employment I most happily met with a merchant, who at that very time intended a voyage to India: he offered to take me out with him as clerk, which I gladly consented to.

"But the circumstances are too many—I cannot now proceed with these.—You shall soon know all the blessing of Providence has favoured me,—I return with wealth, which is yours: henceforth, let us quit this miserable room, which wounds my sight. Ah, my father!

I have not sufficiently pressed you to my heart:—Oh, condescend to accept of my love, my duty, which was ever yours! I have accused the laws and prejudices of society; but the latter are to be softened. When they see me, indeed a son, they will permit me to call you father; and if they will not, I am the victim of opinion, but not the less your son."

For my part, I could not remove my eyes from the noble youth, and almost mistrusted my senses. I repeated, "And is it really my Henry? And has he indeed pardoned me?"

The latter words the generous youth would not hear.

"Hush, my father; let us think only of the sweet moments that await us."

" Yes, my son," I said, bursting into tears, for now my heart was full. " You are my child, my legitimate, my only child, from this moment. Alas, you see in what a situation my more cherished children have deserted me !"

" My dear father," said the considerate Henry, snatching my hand, " let us be gone from this place ; it too bitterly reminds you of the past. Oh, it is odious to me ! Let us away ; and if my duty, my tenderness, can sooth your sorrows, how happy will your Henry then be !"

He gave me his arm to rest on, and we descended to a very plain, but elegant chariot he had waiting at the door, of which the respectful attention of the attending servants convinced me he was the master.

The carriage stopped at a handsome house in Baker-street: we entered it, and all within wore the most fashionable, but modest appearance, and fully announced that happy mediocrity of condition—delightful state, happy that house, happy that nation that enjoys thee.

After dinner my son led me to the apartments intended for my use.

"The rooms, my father," he said, "will not recall to your mind the palaces you have inhabited; but here, every morning at your waking, will you find a son who tenderly loves you, and will come to ask your daily blessing, and to learn from yourself how he can deserve it."

My son, for it was he only that merits that name, appeared every day to love me with more tender affection. Ah, what a sweet light did his kindness spread over the evening of my days! I carried the burden of my years more cheerfully; the load of my sorrows was reduced to that which did no more than justly remind me of my fault.

Henry, at leisure, recounted the story of his voyage, and his good fortune.—The merchant with whom he went abroad, charmed with his fidelity, his activity, and sagacious enterprise, had given him half his extensive business; but his regard for my amiable son was not bounded by that advantage, however great:—and very great it was, for his concerns were extensive, and had been uncommonly successful.

" My dear sir," said Henry to me, " I have a favour to beg of you: it is, that you will permit me to introduce Mr. Percy to you; after my father, he is the man in the world whom I most love. He has commissioned me to beg, in his name, that you will honour him with a visit; and hereafter I will inform you why he has not first paid his respects to you."

It may well be supposed that I readily agreed to Henry's proposal. I was desirous of knowing his worthy protector, and was happy also in obliging my son, and in giving him to understand how dear to me would be any opportunity in which I could express, although but feebly, the regard I had for him, and which he had so well deserved.

I accordingly accompanied my son to the house of Mr. Percy in Finsbury-square: he received us in a way that highly interested me in his favour, and introduced me to a young lady about seventeen, whose singular beauty was heightened by the fascinating manners of innocence.

"My dear sir," he said, on introducing us into the drawing-room, "permit me to present my daughter to you: she has no mother living, and I do my best to compensate for that loss, which, however, is irreparable."

I received the fair Elizabeth with an affection, which I felt for every member of a family which had done so much for my Henry.

During the day we spent in this

amiable family, I perceived many looks interchanged between this lovely girl and my son, and I thought I could divine their source.

The hospitable and friendly merchant made me promise to soon pass another day with him, and we parted, mutually satisfied with this first interview.

Henry was almost silent during our drive to Baker-street. When we entered the drawing-room, he took my hand, and said, with some degree of agitation, "Well, my dear father, you are not sorry to know Mr. Percy?—and his *daughter*—"

I answered instantly, that I had never seen beauty more perfect; "and that which makes it inestimable," Henry

added, " is that it is accompanied with the most delightful simplicity of manners."

" Oh, my lord!" cried Henry, " how do those praises sink with their delicious pleasures into my soul! It would be acting unjustly; it would be to doubt your goodness, if I were any longer to conceal the truth from you.---Elizabeth is the mistress of my heart; and,my dear father, she has acknowledged that our love is mutual---and Percy, that generous benefactor, approves of our union; it only waits your consent: he would have come here formally to ask your consent, but he much desired that you should first see his charming daughter."

Some expression of surprise, I could not command, escaped me; the motive

of which, the feeling Henry immediately comprehended.

"I believe I can understand what perplexes you, my lord.---You fear that the disgrace of my birth may be an obstacle.—Percy is acquainted with every circumstance; but he is too just to be ruled by a mere prejudice; and my birth, though afflicting to myself, and disowned by the laws, is no objection with my generous protector."

"How happy this information makes your repentant father!"

"The first time you see the father of my Elizabeth, my lord, I have reason to believe he will fully express his own intentions to you."

In a very few days, I again, by invitation, dined in Finsbury-square. Mr. Percy begged me to afford him a few minutes private conversation; during which, his generosity, and the happiness of my dear son was confirmed.

The lovers afterwards felicitated each other on an event they both considered as the only necessary thing to their happiness in life.

The marriage was not delayed for ostentatious preparations:—in a few days it was solemnized and sanctioned by the presence of the Earl and Countess of Clarendon, who received Henry, and his blooming bride, as acknowledged and dear relatives of the family, the name of which Henry bore from that period.

Forming as we did, but one family association, the generous Percy, and the happy couple and myself, lived under one roof.

Many of my former associates wished to renew their intimacy; but effectually had I been cured of the folly of trusting to the professions of kindness, that awaits on wealth and external appearance. Percy had a small number of select friends, chosen with admirable judgment (indeed he was a man of a very elevated character); and now and then I mingled with this little happy society. But the larger portion of my time was given to retirement and reflections on my past crimes, which first engaged me to pen the foregoing pages.—Some hours in every day I passed with my son and his amiable

wife (who every day was more lovely and attentive), and the generous Percy. Yet even that employment of my time (pure and exquisite as was its fruit) did not seduce me from those sacred occupations, that for a long time had engaged my more pious thoughts. A deep and severe scrutiny of myself was my daily task.—Our mode of living in our happy family, did not want for the refinements of elegance. The world courted us ; wealth was again at my command : if external splendour had charms left for me, it was mine again to assume. But the more I examined my heart, the more did I find that it was radically cured of the disease of living for the eye of the world, of living to *be thought* happy at the cost of being miserable. At last I could enter within myself, and find serenity and joy there.

When I speak of the real happiness I now enjoyed, it is not to be concluded that the guilty, hurrying, broken, distracted, and unhappy scenes of my former years, were now wholly banished, or viewed without remorse. But this was a wholesome sorrow, that sometimes darkened my present prospects, but did not remove them; and often, very often, my soul was wrapped in visions of bliss, enlightened by the bright presence of the all wise, all good God, who had so blessed his unworthy creatures!

My children now sought to be reconciled to me. I was too sensible many of their faults myself was accountable for: they were my children; I had loved them in infancy, and I affectionately forgave them their past undutiful con-

duct, for nature was often powerful within me; and even in my former days, when most hardened by the vices of the world. But there could be no union, even little society, between our happy family, and that of either my son or daughter: and, indeed, the intercourse was rare, and merely formal.

How difficult is it to human nature to pardon deeply inflicted injuries; but when the injuries we receive come from those to whom we look for kindness, gratitude, or love, with what loathing does the mind shrink from the thought of forgiveness! Yet unhappy is he, who can harbour anger, resentment, and revenge, in his bosom; they are scorpions that will sting him, when he least thinks of it. The unexpected sight of the hated object, his name

accidentally pronounced, some casual idea connected with his person or his affairs—any of these have power to rouse the venomous passions of hatred and revenge, and suddenly deliver us up to their tormenting influence.

Besides there is something so ungenerous in these passions, that we would scorn to give them room, if even they did not bring with them so dreadful a scourge. We all err towards each other; and all should possess forbearance towards all; but if this be true concerning *all*, how much stronger is the duty towards relatives and friends!---above all towards children! Parents are placed by Nature in the office of monitors, guardians, friends, to their children. If the duties of this office are painful, they ever bring honour with them, and

where they are successfully as well as judiciously applied, they bring also the purest happiness: nor should parents ever forget that most of their children's errors originate in their own fault.

THE END.

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